

Exhibit A

Dennis GRELL

Albert-Schweitzer-Strasse 6 D-63543 Neuberg Tel.: 0173-306 74 70__

To the honorable American Court

Datum: 24.06.2016

My name is Dennis Grell. I was a prisoner at Ari Franco prison in Brazil from July 3rd, 2014 to June 2nd, 2015. Because I had to spend time in this prison, and because of the conditions of the prison, the German Court in my case gave me 33 months credit instead of 11. I have attached the decision of the German Court on this issue, which shows the Court's ruling. Also, I have attached the letter of Lars Wallis, who made the same argument to the Court in Sweden and informed me he was also given a 3:1 sentence reduction in Sweden. Also, another individual who was with us was Peter Chapman, who was extradited to England and told me he was given a 4:1 credit because of the prison conditions.

With greatest respect,



Dennis Grell

Exhibit B

ABUSE AND TORTURE THAT I SUFFERED IN SDF PRISONS

- I was regularly beaten, sometimes aggressively, and sometimes with weapons, including heavy batons, whips, and rubber pipes, sustaining injuries as a result to my head, my face, and my back
- we were stripped naked outside at night time for no apparent reason and then beaten on the way back inside from the prison yard
- I was constantly sworn at and called names (donkey, animal piece of shit), constantly threatened and intimidated by guards as well as interrogators, and told by a guard that he would "F" my sister
- we were not provided with basics such as toothbrushes, soap, utensils for eating/drinking (in Shaddadi we were drinking water using an old plastic jam container found in the washroom, there were two of them being shared by 40 people)
- we were crammed into rooms in large numbers
 - 40 people in a small room with just one toilet (I and some others would stay awake at night because there wasn't any place to lie down and would sleep once everyone had woken up in the morning and we could find some space on the bare concrete floor)
 - 80 people in one room with just one toilet
 - many of us started having urinary problems, I constantly had to hold it in for long periods of time
 - skin infections became widespread, I had them all over my body and still have the marks until now, as a result of these

skin infections going untreated due to a shortage of medicine, I contracted cellulitis at least 8 times (sometimes one foot was severely swollen, and sometimes both), ~~the~~ it was always the same case of cellulitis, the medicine wasn't enough, so I couldn't get a full course of antibiotics and as a result the cellulitis just kept returning, the doctors who were imprisoned with me warned me that this would weaken my immune system because the bacteria would become more resilient, I was also warned that if the cellulitis wasn't treated, the infection would eventually reach the blood and would almost certainly result in death due to blood poisoning.

- there outbreaks of scabies and body lice
- there was no hot water and not enough food and medicine, I became very sick and malnourished
- we were not provided mattresses or blankets until a few months into the winter, and we didn't get any warm clothing, I suffered from extreme cold as a result
- during the summer, I suffered from extreme heat to the point that I felt incapacitated and would just lie on the ground all day (bare concrete floor, no mattress) and avoid moving about as much as possible
- we were made to stand outside for long periods of time in the extreme heat of summer and not allowed to sit in the shade of the wall, I fainted once from the heat and was threatened as a result
- I got bitten by the mice in our room multiple times

- we also had salamanders, and on at least two occasions we found scorpions and snakes
- in the room with 40 people, we had a small opening in the wall that let air into the room, but no proper ventilation, during the winter we had to choose between ~~the~~ enduring the freezing cold or blocking the opening and letting those with asthma and breathing difficulties suffer as a result
- collective punishment was the norm, if anyone did anything wrong (i.e. violate the rules as a result of the harsh conditions we were in) the entire room would be punished
- water would regularly cut off for days at a time, usually between ~~the~~ 3 to 5 days, we would make do with the water we filled into some plastic bottles we had in the room, they would sometimes confiscate the bottles so that we'd suffer more
- the water was pumped from a contaminated well and had a distinct taste of diesel, the Syrians we were imprisoned with who were local to the area told us that the site of the prison was previously some sort of propane gas tank storage facility or gas plant, so the water in the area was contaminated
- I was tortured in Hasaka by way of extreme cold in a tiny solitary cell that I shared with an American citizen (Arif Ahmed), the cell was approximately 1m x 1.8m with a ground toilet in the middle of the floor, the cell was dark ~~and~~ because it had no light fixtures, it was so cold

that I couldn't lie down and go to sleep, instead I would lean against the corner and wait until I became drowsy and started nodding off, then I would lie down and fall asleep, but I would wake up after only an hour and a half to two hours because of the extreme cold and stand up again to get off of the cold floor, we had no mattresses, blankets, or clothing, just a jumpsuit and no other layers underneath it, not even underwear (I was wearing my ~~trunks~~ briefs on my head because of the cold), we would sometimes get thin plastic bags when the guards were passing out the bread, so we would wrap these bags around different body parts (neck, head, torso, feet, knees) because of the cold, we were in this cell for 25 days (Nov. 29th to Dec. 24th 2020).

- we were deprived of any access to news (we were in a virtual blackhole).
- we were not given information about our families in the displacement camps for months and sometimes years, I was allowed to write a letter to my wife through the Red Cross in August of 2019 but didn't receive any of her letters until I came to the U.S. more than 2 years later despite the fact that an SDF interrogator told me in September of 2020 that he had a letter from my wife for me but had to inspect it first, as a result it was only when I was brought to the U.S. that I found out that my wife had given birth to a baby boy and named him Salman 2 years earlier.

- when we were transferred to one prison in particular we were starved for two days straight, after which they scattered broken glass all over the ground outside and made us run over it barefoot, we were whipped and beaten as we ran past the guards
- in most of the prisons I was held in, there were outbreaks of scabs, as well as body lice infestations and nothing was done to address these issues
- for almost the entire time I was imprisoned there, we had no access to hot water
- we were made to stand outside for long periods of time in the extreme heat of summer, I fainted once and was threatened by the guards as a result
- I still have marks all over my body (arms, legs, hips) from what I endured in the SDF prisons

Exhibit C

January 16, 2022

Dear Judge Ellis,

For all the talent I had throughout my life when it comes to writing, I'm at a loss as to how to begin this letter, so I'll start by mentioning the circumstances under which I've begun penning these thoughts. I'm in my cell at the William G. Truesdale Adult Detention Center in Alexandria, Virginia and I've just been given my breakfast but haven't been able to take a single bite. Rather than eating, I tried to go back to sleep and when that failed, I eventually sat back up and started weeping. It's Sunday, January 16 the day before Martin Luther King Jr. Day. I realize that I face a very serious prison sentence, and having accepted responsibility for my actions, I'm coming to terms with how I wound up where I am today. While many across the country are spending some time this weekend honoring the ~~memory~~ memory of Dr. King, I find myself reflecting on his legacy in order to make sense of what initially led me down this road and brought me to this point so that I don't repeat the mistakes that I made. I started out back in early 2013 wanting to do something to help those ^{suffering} under the Syrian regime's brutality following the popular uprising taking place in that country during the course of the Arab Spring. I was seriously considering taking a portion of my savings and donating it to a foundation that was set up by a group of highly respected community leaders in the Middle East for the purpose of supporting one of the major opposition factions in Syria, but I wanted to do more. I felt guilty about

the thought of just writing a cheque, patting myself on the back, and returning my focus to my comfortable home, my promising career, and my prospects after marriage. I felt guilty about settling for what a friend of mine once referred to as "the 50kg solution." This, he explained, is when some sort of calamity or turmoil is taking place and a call is made to the public to provide help and relief for those affected. The people of his native country would line up en masse, each man lugging a giant 50kg sack of rice on his back for donation to those in need. He would be satisfied with his contribution, and despite the worsening of the tragedy and the continued suffering of those affected, he no longer had to worry. He had done his part. It was now someone else's problem. So as I followed the events in Syria, I became disgusted with myself for sitting by and not doing something I felt was meaningful. I watched one YouTube video after another featuring ordinary Syrians appealing for their fellow Muslims to come to Syria and help them. "Where are you?!" they would cry. During my detainment in Syria by the Syrian Democratic Forces, I along with those detained with me would reflect on that phenomenon everytime the prison guards would mockingly ask us, "What brought you here from the ends of the world when we ourselves wish we could be in your country?" We all wanted to say it, but few of us would dare to, for fear of being beaten: "We came here because your people cried out to us and pleaded for us to come." While

being held in the central prison in Hama, Syria, we had access to some books provided by the servicemen stationed at a U.S. base in the region. One of those books was "Death of a King" by Robert Gray, which recounts the final year in the life of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. While I didn't get a chance to read it before being transferred elsewhere, I came across the following quote by Dr. King: "Those who ignore the cries of the oppressed have condemned themselves." It might seem strange that a Muslim being held in custody on charges related to terrorism could identify so strongly with the words of a pacifist Christian minister, but this statement had a profound impact on me because it reflected my motivation for traveling to Syria. When I first set out in the summer of 2013, I left everything behind. It was the most difficult decision of my life, and the risks it entailed were enormous. I was traveling to a country that I didn't know and had never been to without anyone to guide me. I didn't know who I was going to meet or which of the many groups I was going to join, but at the time I didn't care. I just wanted to be part of the fight to protect the Syrians. I had to do something to make a difference. At this stage, ISIS wasn't in the picture for me. All I cared about was ending the suffering of the country's entire population. It was at this point, not long after entering Syria, that I missed an opportunity to change course. I contacted my sister and she pleaded with me

not to get involved in the fighting. She asked me to consider supporting the Syrians in other, meaningful ways, suggesting that I could instead work with one of the aid organizations present there. I didn't listen to her, and I continue to reflect today on where I would be now if I had just followed her guidance, with one of the ~~many~~ painful consequences being that my sister disowned me on account of my decision and no longer wants to have anything to do with me. My reflections on that watershed decision have also led me to take note of the sobering irony of my current situation as it relates to my wife and children, who've been living in a displacement camp in Syria for the past three years while I've been in detention. My wife, Arsha, wrote to me from the camp reassuring me of their stable condition, saying, "I don't want you to worry even a sec! We've clean water here, good food, electricity & warm bed." In other words, those same aid organizations whose efforts I had previously written off are now caring for my family in the camp at a time when I'm unable to look after them. They've provided my family with the essentials they need, they continue to facilitate my communication with them, and their doctors delivered the son who I hope to someday meet. Their workers are making a meaningful difference for me that wouldn't exist if they chosen to ~~go~~ go down the same path as I had. I don't doubt that their efforts have also inspired my wife. She made it clear in

her letter that she's determined to complete the medical degree that she was previously pursuing and become a licensed physician. I hope to be there to help her achieve her ambitions and to use part of ~~my money~~ whatever I inherit from my late father to fund the remaining years of her education. My goal is to enable her to make a difference by providing care to as many people as ~~she can~~ she can and saving as many lives as possible. My father, who recently passed away after contracting COVID-19, left his businesses and estate to just myself and my brother Hamza out of his many children and dependants. Despite the fact that I'm the youngest of all my siblings, and despite the mistakes ~~that I've made~~ that I've made which have led me to my current situation, my father had the confidence to entrust me with his estate, knowing that he could count on my integrity to ensure that it is divided fairly among his beneficiaries. I believe that the only reason he named my brother Hamza as well, given their strained relationship, is so that he could assist me in seeing through the execution of his estate given my present incarceration. I'm mentioning all of this because I'm hoping that you'll recognize what my father saw in me, that I try to carry myself with integrity and be true to my conscience even if it takes me to the ends of the earth, and that I have the capacity to admit when I'm wrong, and to learn and rebound from

my mistakes. I hope that you will have the confidence to show me leniency and to challenge my integrity to keep me from abusing that leniency and taking it for granted. I'm aware that the U.S. justice system affords chances and opportunities to those who truly wish to reform themselves, including those of us who made tremendous sacrifices and started off with the best of intentions but wound up taking a wrong turn and have made a concerted effort to correct their course. I'm asking you today to have confidence in me and to give me another chance. I wish to conclude by mentioning that it recently occurred to me that my sentencing will take place during the Islamic fasting month of Ramadan. I hope that you will give me cause to celebrate it, when I stand at the mercy of your court, by allowing me to return to my family sooner than I could anticipate or deserve.

Sincerely,
MKH

Mohammed Khalifa